Bed-Eel-ia

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/31347038.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Categories:	Gen, M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Jimmy Price/Brian Zeller
Characters:	Jack Crawford, Beverly Katz, Bedelia Du Maurier
Additional Tags:	price and zeller are hilarious idiots, so is beverly katz, Jack Crawford Being Jack Crawford, bedelia's sick of being a marriage counselor, Crack, Not Treated Seriously
Language:	English
Series:	Part 7 of Plathianglass's Hannigram Crack Fics
Stats:	Published: 2021-05-17 Words: 528 Chapters: 1/1

Bed-Eel-ia

by orphan_account

Summary

The murder husbands have once again yeeted their way out of trouble (and into more trouble). Team Sassy Science, however, is a whole different story.

Oh, and Bedelia's sick of being a marriage counselor.

I'm migrating all my crack fics into a collection, so you might have read this already.

"WOAH, drunk Jack?!" Jimmy whooped. "Never thought I'd see the day."

"Bed--" Jack groaned. "Bed-EEL-eee, uh, yah..."

"WHAT? You want to BED an EEL?" exclaimed Brian, as Jimmy clutched at his arm excitedly.

Beverly rolled her eyes. "Thought that was Mason Verger's job. Technically he had --"

Jimmy couldn't hold it in anymore. "HE HAD ITS, UH, *HEAD* IN HIS MOUTH! I saw the report!"

To be fair, he did, after Jack had threatened his job, although perhaps not as much as he threatened his eardrums.

"No, no..." Jack's head lifted a little from the back of his chair, and fell back down heavily. Bev rushed towards him, concerned, and stopped when she caught a glimpse of his computer screen. "HAMMING IT UP WITH A KICK: MURDER HUSBANDS TAKE THERAPIST'S LEG FOR FINAL LEG OF THEIR JOURNEY", screamed the homepage of TattleCrime.

"Shit. Freddie's even worse than Lecter."

There wasn't much of a crime scene. Bedelia, sedated, sat in an armchair at the head of her dining table.

"Holy shit, her dress!" Brian Zeller. Who else. Unfortunately, the universe had predetermined that, with Brian, comes --

"YEAH! Lemme guess, Marchesa? No, no, Valentino!" -- Jimmy Price.

As the two abominations made their way around Bedelia, the incapacitated therapist extended a limp arm towards Beverly. "I'm Lydia Fellll..." she slurred.

"No, you're not." Beverly gently took the arm, and tucked it back into what was left of Bedelia's lap.

"No, I'm not... what I am, though, is sick" -- Bedelia let the "ck" click exaggeratedly -- "sick of being a marriage counselor." *You never were a marriage counselor,* Bev wanted to say, until she realized that Lecter and Graham, at least according to the report, changed that aspect of Du Maurier's career.

"Having both, uh, spousessss present during a session made things, eh, *heated*... although not in the way it's supposed to be... at leasssst they allowed me my wine."

"Yeah, lady, have your wine," Brian butted in. Bev wanted desperately to punt him across the street, but then she'd have no energy left to punt Jimmy, too... .

"YEAH, get that Pinot Noir!" Jimmy cheered, as if he was watching a marriage proposal rather than a catatonic legless lady discuss her need for her wine. *Bedelia and wine, a match made in heaven,* thought Jack, standing on the sidelines. He, too, was trying his best not to send Price and Zeller to involuntary short-distance flying lessons.

"Still, I mean wine is GREAT -- don't get me wrong -- but what we really need is to find out WHY-ne Graham and Lecter took her leg." This was it. The last straw. Glancing quickly behind his shoulder, Jimmy was lucky enough to realize that both he and Brian were neck high in hot water with Jack.

"RUN!" Giggling as if they just set the perfect prank, the two ran back to their car.

"Calll meeeee if they ever neeeeeddddd marriage counsssselllingggg..." muttered Bedelia.

"So they can pay you with wine?" offered Beverly, an innocently cordial look on her face.

"YOU TOO, BEVERLY! OUT!" Jack boomed. "Bad idea, Dr. Du Maurier."

"Mrs. Fell, you mean..."

Slapping his palm against his face, Jack, too, turned on his heel and fled.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!